

WHEN THE SHIP COMES IN.

Sailing into cupid's land?
Customs he collects:
At the dock he takes his stand,
Baggage he inspects.

Some one tries to hide his heart,
Keeps it in his boots;
Others still would lodge with art
Heavy tax on suits.

Travelers exhibit fear,
Smugglers lag behind,
Till at last they gather cheer,
For they find him—blind!

—McLanburgh Wilson, in the New York Herald.

MAB'S EYES.

BY FREDERICK HOWE MARION.

MAB'S eyes did it all.
In the first place I fell
in love with them. That
is not strange, for they
were blue and bright as a
rain-washed sky.

I had been called to Roseville on
business. I have no hesitancy in pro-
nouncing Roseville the prettiest place
in the world, for everybody has a rose
garden. Moreover, wild roses bloom all
along the roadside, and some species
of rose-creepers climb the rough bark
of the outstanding trees, and hang
clusters of odorous blossoms from the
swaying boughs. The houses are all
respectable country seats, the people
all comfortable. I don't believe there
is a beggar or a cripple in the town.
And into this modern Eden, a mile
from the railroad station, I walked one
day.

It was June, and all the air was
fragrant. The bluebirds were flitting
about, and the robins were singing on
the stone walls. Some late apple trees
were in blossom, and everybody's doors
and windows were open to let in the
scents, and sounds, and sights of early
summer.

Suddenly a carriage, driven by a boy,
came around the corner of a road. At
the same moment a little Blenheim
poodle, white as wool, rushed from a
doorway, and dashed under its wheels.
I heard a sharp scream, saw a distract-
ed blue cannie wrapper rushing after,
and threw myself, all on the impulse
of the instant, into the middle. To seize
the bits and raise the shivering and
whirling animal from the dust was but
the work of a moment. As I bore it
toward the house, Mab, in Mab's blue
canbie wrapper, with Mab's eyes, met
me.

"Oh, thank you! thank you a thou-
sand times! Oh, sir, do you think he is
killed?"

As the dog, at that moment, gave a
sharp yelp, I ventured to proclaim
that he probably was not killed.

"My darling! My dear, dear little
Snow!" she murmured, taking the
dusky and dismal little wretch into
the lovely shelter of her bosom. As
she was turning away I experienced
a sudden and brilliant thought.

"Does not Miss Flint live here?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mab, pausing with
her closely-clasped hands.

"I was about to call on Miss Flint,"
I said, most falsely.

Then Mab looked at me again, and
I am free to confess that never before
or since saw I such lovely eyes.

"Walk in, if you please," she said,
"and I will speak to aunt."

I congratulated myself on having dis-
covered so much, that she was Miss
Flint's niece. But I was quite desper-
ate for an errand. Miss Flint ap-
peared.

"Miss Flint," said I, rising and bow-
ing, "I have lately heard that your
brother-in-law, Judge Twigg, of Maple-
ton, is very ill. As I was in your vicini-
ty, I thought I would call and tell
you, thinking, perhaps, that you had
not heard of it."

"A relative?" she inquired, anxiously.

"No—not that I am aware of."

"My brother was very ill some six
weeks ago, but I heard yesterday that
he was convalescent."

"Ah! well, hearing the report so late-
ly, I supposed his illness of recent
date," I replied. "Miss Flint will give
me credit for good intentions."

"Certainly. You look warm, sir.
Will you not take some refreshment?"

Miss Flint offered me some lemonade.
I partook freely. I lingered half an
hour, talking of everything under the
sun, but was at length forced to depart
without seeing Mab again.

My home was at Irving, the town ad-
joining Roseville. I returned there
that night, but could not forget those
eyes. Henceforth I haunted every
public gathering, every party and pic-
nic of the neighborhood, but failed ut-
terly to see or hear of Mab. For I
learned her name, Mab Merle, from
Miss Flint, who had casually mentioned
her.

As time passed my hopes were sub-
jected to repeated disappointment. I
dreamed of Mab's eyes, and cared for
nobody else's eyes. My sisters said I
sulked, and the younger female portion
of our community pronounced me a
beast.

The summer passed and fall came.
I had plenty to do, for I had a farm
of my own, and autumn is a busy season
with farmers.

A lively stable keeper in the city had
purchased some hay of me. My man
Sam was sick, and not being too proud
to take a load of hay to town myself,
I started.

It was a day's trip. The sun began
to set as I was on my way home. The
birds hushed their twitterings in the
trees, and the air blew cool and laden
with dew. Gradually the beams of the
moon gave a soft light to the scene,
and the horses settled into a quiet
walk.

As we were thus leisurely proceed-
ing, a horse and light buggy whirled
out of a crossroad, and suddenly the
two teams collided. I felt a jerk and
crash. I heard a scream. My horses
stopped. I jumped to the ground and
enabled the driver of the buggy to stop
her startled horse, for the driver was
a young lady.

"Oh, sir," she cried tearfully, "what
have I done?"

I helped her to the ground, unlocked
her wheel from mine, and saw that the
tire and three of the fellows of her
wheel were broken.

"How did it happen?" asked I.

"Didn't see you," she said.

"Didn't see a hayrack and two
horses?" exclaimed I.

"No," sobbed she; "I am so near
sighted."

Just then the faint light shone on her
face, and I recognized Mab.

"May I inquire where you were go-
ing?" said I, gravely.

"I was going home," answered she,
fall of engaging distress. "I was driv-
ing fast because I thought my aunt
would be anxious about me. I never
thought of meeting any one on this
lonely road."

"Well, you will have to go to Irving
and stay all night. I will take you to
my mother's house, and send word to
your aunt to-night of what has hap-
pened. Do you think you can ride half
a mile on a hayrack?"

"I un hitched her horse and tied him
behind my team, pulled the broken
buggy to one side of the road, and then
lifted Mab into the hayrack. I was
obliged to put one arm around her to
keep her steady, when I started the
horses, while she clung to my wrist
with one little hand, and thus we went
very happily to Irving.

Need I say that I did not lose so good
an opportunity of making love to the
owner of those beautiful eyes that had
cost me so much anxiety?

We had a long evening before us,
too, after my mother had welcomed
Mab, and I had sent a messenger, on
horseback, to Miss Flint. The moon
shone, the nightingales sang; the flow-
ers shed their fragrance just for us
as we sat in the little porch. I wasn't
the sort of fellow to half do things,
either, and before Mab left Irving she
had promised to be my wife.

And to-day Mrs. Mab will agree with
me in the statement that her eyes did
it all.—New York Weekly.

The Cowboy's High Heels.

A correspondent who signs himself

"D. W. H.," writes entertainingly as
follows: "In one of the articles in the

"Nosegay" column reference is made
to the high heels on the boots of the

Texas cowpunchers, and vanity is
given as the reason of the high heel.

This is somewhat of a mistake. No
doubt vanity figures in it, for the

writer has been witness to the fact—
seeing heels so high that they were

braced with small iron rods on the in-
side. But to return to the real use of

the high heel—it has a use. We
all know the brochure, some of us by

reputation, and others by experience,
and know he is, to say the least, a

trifle unreliable. On the saddles used
in the West the small, light stirrup

iron is not used. In its place is the
large wooden stirrup, similar to the

one used in the cavalry, but mostly
without the leather guard over the

front, and it is here where the high
heel plays its part. The wooden stir-

rup is so large that an ordinary shoe
as worn would slip through, and it does

not take much imagination to picture
what would happen if at this time the

rider should be thrown from the saddle
and one foot be caught in the

stirrup. With the high heel this is
impossible, for the foot cannot go all

the way through. So vanity is not the
whole reason of the cowpuncher's high

heel."—Philadelphia Record.

Horse Trade in Maine.

From the mountains of Camden, Me.,

comes a story of a Philadelphia mer-
chant who has a summer cottage in

that village and who wished to ex-
change a lively horse which he owned

with a French-Canadian who had a
more gentle animal which women and

children could drive. The Frenchman
was willing to trade, but for some rea-
son insisted upon repeating to the vis-
itor that the local horse did not "look"

so well as the one belonging to the
Philadelphia man.

An exchange satisfactory to both
parties was eventually made, and the

first time this visitor's wife took the
new horse out for a drive she dis-

covered that the beast was as blind
as a mole. A few days later, when the

radiator met the Frenchman, he said:
"See here, you recall that horse you

swapped with me for mine was stone
blind. Why didn't you tell me of it
at the time?"

"Ah'm by try tell you all Ah'm bin
know how far to tell. Ah'm bin say
my horse was no look lak your horse—
say so seex, nine fains. Ah'm no bin
blam' eef you no hear me."—Philadel-
phia Ledger.

Artificial Gutta Serena.

Owing to the rapid diminution of
the supply of natural gutta serena

many attempts have been made to
devise an imitation which will answer

the same purpose. The service which
the genuine article renders as an in-

fluator, in electrical work, and espe-
cially for submarine cables, has not

until recently been obtained from any
other material, although some of the

artificial compounds which, under
other names, rival it, are fairly suc-

cessful.

Consular reports show that a house
in England is about to establish a large

factory there with a branch in Ger-
many, to produce a mixture invented

by a man named Geitzsch. In one
respect, its "low inductive capacity,"

it is said that this is superior to the
genuine gum. The importance of this

fact will be better understood when it
is remembered that the speed of sub-

marine telegraph transmission varies
about inversely as the capacity of the
cable.—New York Tribune.

A Scarcity of Cash.

"Down in our country," said Repre-
sentative John Sharp Williams, of Mis-

sissippi, "cash is sometimes a scarce
commodity."

"Last spring a man came in from
the North and bought a sawmill of one

of our citizens. He paid \$500 cash
for it."

"They were discussing the transac-
tion at the country store that night and

had gone over it in all its details.
Aaron Smith, one of the hard-up men

of the community, sat and listened.
After the subject had been exhausted

he said: 'Well, there's one thing about
it. I can't for the life of me see what

a man with \$500 in cash wants of a
sawmill.'—Saturday Evening Post.

Civic Duty to Horses.

It is not sufficient that a man or

woman should be shocked if a horse

is beaten cruelly within his sight. As

citizens all persons should take care

that such a thing never occurs, or, if

it does take place, that it should lead

to punishment. From a commercial

as well as humane standpoint a munic-
ipality suffers when wretched, broken

down horses are employed in its thor-
oughfares.—Kansas City Times.

The German Army

Now Uses an Auto-

mobile Bakery :-:-:

One of the things which cause no
end of trouble in getting an army corps
into the field is the commissariat. On
paper and in times of peace every-
thing is in apple pie order and the



THE AUTOMOBILE BAKERY.

commissary department simply perfec-
tion; but the moment the drums beat
for battle the bottom seems to fall out
of all the arrangements and hearthum-
pings and complaints come without end.
There are few wars without commissary
scandals.

The Emperor William fully recog-
nizes that good food and abundance of
it is as necessary to the success of an
army in the field as good weapons and
good powder, and that empty stomachs
are poor supporters of enthusiasm,
which means first class work. In no
army, perhaps, is there so much at-
tention paid to the commissary ar-
rangements as in the German army,
and the Kaiser himself takes a super-
vising interest in everything done.

Since bread is the staple of life, the
baking of it is one of the absolute
necessities of the commissary depart-
ment, and now Emperor William has
had rigged up a perfectly up-to-date
bakeryhouse on wheels. It is an auto-
mobile bakery that will not have to
depend on either horses or mules to
keep up with the regiment, cavalry, ar-
tillery or infantry to which it is at-
tached. We present a picture of this
latest novelty.

The statue represents a full-blooded
Sioux mounted on one of the famous
Indian ponies of that tribe. The steed
is drawn back on his haunches and the
Indian's hand is raised in protest
at the seizure of his lands. The Sioux
is finely modeled, the expression of the
face and the raised hand giving un-



THE PROTEST BY THE SIOUX.

William H. Taft, Who

Will Succeed Elihu Root

as Secretary of War

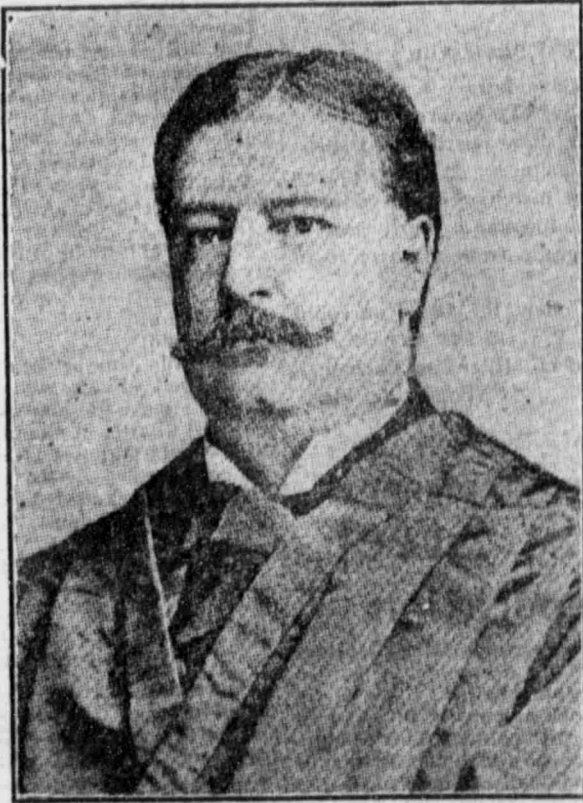
William Howard Taft was born in
Cincinnati, Ohio, September 15, 1857,
and was a son of Alphonso Taft, jurist,
former Secretary of War and Attorney-
General of the United States. He was
educated at Yale, whence he was gradu-
ated in 1878, ranking second in his
class. In 1880 he was admitted to the
bar in Cincinnati, having been gradu-
ated from the law school of that city
the same year. As the law reporter of
the Cincinnati Commercial he gained
journalistic experience. In succession
he served as assistant prosecutor of
Hamilton County, collector of internal
revenue of the First Ohio District,
judge of the Superior Court of Ohio,
and Solicitor-General of the United
States.

In 1892 he was appointed United

mistakable emphasis to the sculptor's
idea. The statue is to eighteen feet
high.

An Ancient Giant.

The complete skeleton of a human
giant has been found at Holbeach,
England, a little Lincolnshire fen town
between Lynn and Spalding, during
excavations for the foundations of two
new houses. Every bone was in per-
fect condition and not a tooth was
missing. The skeleton measured seven
feet two inches in length. A curious
fact, five inches long, with triangular
handle, was found near the bones.
Stukeley, the famous antiquary, who
was born at Holbeach, records that at
the spot where the discovery has just



WILLIAM H. TAFT.

States Circuit Judge of the Sixth Dis-
trict. In 1896 he became dean and pro-
fessor in the law department of the
University of Cincinnati. In 1900 he
became Chairman of the Philippine
Commission.

Lesson to Bumptious Newspapers.

There is really no necessity for the
New York papers to poke fun at the
personal columns of their country con-
temporaries. It is quite as interesting
for the readers of the Pineville Paper
to learn through the columns of that
valuable news medium that Peter Per-
kins is painting his henhouse green as
it is for the patrons of the New York
daily newspapers to be informed that

Mrs. Vanderbilt has a new lawn or
that Mr. Astor is putting a new front
on his Newport villa. The plutocracy
of Pineville is as important to

Pineville—as is the millionocracy of
New York.

The Scandinavians now have an
enormous fleet of big steel tramp ships
in serious rivalry with the British.

Food for thought sometimes re-
sults in mental indigestion.

been made a Roman Catholic chapel,
dedicated to St. Peter, formerly stood.
Other human remains have been dis-
covered unearched on the same spot.

A "Washing Machine."

An ingenious cadet of an English
scientific corps made use of electricity
to wake him in the morning and boil
his coffee at the same time. The min-
ute hand of his clock was made to
bring two spring contacts together and
thus send an electric current to ring
the rising bell. The current, at the
same time, actuated a small electro-
magnet, which allowed some sulphuric
acid to run out of a spoon and ignite
a match, which, in turn, lighted a spirit
lamp under the coffee boiler. By the
time he was dressed his coffee was
hot.

India's population is 300,000,000—
one-fifth of all the people in the
world.

Golden eagles are increasing in the
Scottish Highlands, owing to the ef-
forts made by large land owners for
their preservation.

Fully 2500 persons commit suicide in
Russia every year.

A Bottle-Washing Machine.

A new bottle-washing machine has
just been put upon the German mar-
ket. The device has many advantages.
It is claimed, over similar machines
known thus far. The bottles are first
dipped into warm water, get filled,
turned around several times, and then
reach a system of brushes, by which
they are scrupulously washed and
cleaned inside and out. As soon as
the bottles have gone through this
process the machine provides for a
thorough warm and cold douche, and

The True El Dorado

A Lake in the Andes Thought

to Contain Much Treasure :-:-:

Away up in the heights of the Andes,
just north of the equator, some 9000
feet above the sea, lies in the plateau
of Bogota the Lake Guatavita. This
plateau is supposed to be the birth-
place of the potato, which to this day
is the principal crop. This lake is be-
ing drained by a joint stock company.



with the consent of the Government
of Colombia, and the purpose of its
draining, sordid in itself, rests on a
basis of quaint romance. It is a very
strange tale which Mr. Benjamin Tay-
lor tells in the English Illustrated,
under the title of "A Quest for Sunken
Treasure."

"This lake," says Dr. Zerba, "is the
celebrated 'El Dorado.' Here, it is
said, the Cacique of Guatavita was
covered with a sticky substance, over
which gold dust was strewn, which
golden covering constituted his vest-
ment when making the sacrifices. The
term 'El Dorado,' it should be ex-
plained, means the Golden One, or the
Golden Man, not the Golden City, as is
commonly supposed."

The Cacique of Guatavita, who had
an army of 30,000 men, used to rule
there over 1,000,000 people.

This lake, between 10,000 and 10,000
feet above the level of the sea, on the
summit of a conical mountain, they re-
garded as the residence of their pro-

tection deity, to whom they thought it
necessary to make offerings twice a
year. In consequence all the Cacique's
subjects assembled at the stated times,
with their gold offerings, and, forming
in grand procession, advanced with
music to the lake. Arrived there, the
Cacique and the principal chiefs em-
barked on the lake in large canoes, by
steps formed in the bank, and the peo-
ple at the same time spread themselves
all around the lake. On arriving at the
centre of the lake the chiefs anointed
the Cacique and powdered him over
with a profusion of gold dust, hence
the name of El Dorado—the Golden
One.

According to the documentary his-
tory of the instrument, it is claimed
that William Penn and his co-worker
used the instrument in the survey of
Philadelphia, and a few notes were
given in the old document.

Whether the compass is a genuine
relic or not could only be determined
by comparing the historical data which
accompany it with the old records of
the city of Philadelphia, but the old
form and mechanical excellence of the
instrument tend to inspire the casual
inspector with confidence in the genu-
ineness of its history.—Philadelphia
Record.

A Correct Obituary.

A country editor says: "A properly
written obituary contains the age,
name, relation, date of demise and
time of funeral in the first paragraph,
and the rest should be left to a kind
Providence. An obituary fashioned
after these simple rules is calculated
to preserve the reputation for veracity
on the part of a large number of edi-
tors who find the temptation strong to
'heap coals of fire on the head' of the
departed."

Spanish Enterprise.

The shoemakers of Madrid, Spain, re-
cently combined to encourage danc-
ing by the object of wearing out as
much shoe leather as possible. They
hired several dancing halls and
charged ten cents admission. Each
admission ticket bears a coupon,
twenty of which entitle the owner to a
new pair of shoes free of charge at the
union store.

Russian Forests.

Forests cover thirty-six per cent of
Russia's total area, or, in all, 464,500,
000 acres. In other words, there are
four acres of forest to every inhabitant
of Russia.

German Bottle-Washing Machine.

The operator of the machine has
to do is to remove the cleaned bottles
and replace them with others. One
thousand bottles can easily be washed
and thoroughly cleaned in less than an
hour's time.

Golden eagles are increasing in the
Scottish Highlands, owing to the ef-
forts made by large land owners for
their preservation.

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